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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather.

Common law matrimony can always be depended upon to lead to uncommon results.

Tom Watson feels very much like swearing out a search warrant for that Notification Committee.

There was a time when it was popularly supposed that Senator Hill kept a large assortment of ready-made minds in stock.

The German art critics are preparing to furnish another batch of opinions to order. The Kaiser has about completed another picture.

Now that the Kneip cure is being exploited, Mr. Coxe might induce the Washington officials to permit him to walk on the grass.

Labor day produced a number of "object lessons" which will be sure to give Mr. Hanna a very fair idea of how labor will vote this year.

Mark Hanna's complaint of "a serious lack of money" with which to conduct the campaign sounds very much like Mark Hanna's old excuses for reducing the pay of his employees.

Mr. McKinley was advised that when the Labor Day parade passed the Republican headquarters at Chicago there was much cheering. It was doubtless intended for labor's staunch friend, Mark Hanna.

THE CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

It may be recalled by a few who are curious concerning ancient history that in the dim past of two months ago, when the Democratic National Convention did its fell work of pronouncing against the single gold standard and nominating Mr. Bryan, the world was promised the grand spectacle of an election campaign conducted without excitement or rancor, a campaign which should be distinguished above all other campaigns for its calm appeals to reason, its persuasive urbanity and impressive politeness. It was to be a campaign of education pre-eminently. The masses were to be gently led out of their errors by their betters, and by their betters marshalled to the polls cured of all injurious hallucinations. The announcement was made that so preposterous was the proposal of free silver coinage at 16 to 1 that it had but to be placed under the light of examination for a few days in order that it should appear in all its native absurdity to the meaneast intelligence.

The progress of this campaign of calm reasoning and good manners is interesting to observe. Mr. Bryan is a man of blameless personal character and proved ability. Yet not since Lincoln ran has a Presidential candidate been so angrily reviled. According to the picturing of the superior gentlemen of the gold faith who were to woo the masses from their ignorant illusions, he is a wild-eyed disturber, at best a fanatic, at worst a scoundrel; and his followers are Socialists, Anarchists, blackguards and banditti, the savages of the cities and the raffia of the rural regions, all eager to march to the ballot box against whatever is established in the hope of loot. The canvass on the Republican side, in brief, has degenerated into a frenzy, partly real, partly simulated. The plan of campaign, particularly on the Atlantic seaboard, has become an ignoble attempt to dispose of Bryan by raising a concerted hoot. In answer to the simple, direct, argumentative and even-tempered speeches of the Democratic Presidential nominee there are heard and seen only spoken and printed whips and insults. It is a Comanche sort of campaigning that recalls the "ave, when it meant business and social disabilities to be a Democrat. And while the yelling goes on, Mr. Hanna attends strictly to business.

The wealth of the country is against Bryan and the Democracy in this battle undoubtedly, and it is freely claimed that the conservatism and respectability of the Union are against him, too. If this be true, we are learning in a rather alarming way what to expect of wealth, conservatism and respectability when they take to politics for the instruction of the masses. The resemblance of these methods to a riotous street strike is so great as to cause a prospect of the clubbing which November has in store to be contemplated with pleasure.

There is danger, very serious danger, in this sort of campaigning. It is an offensive challenge of the right of the people of the United States to seek by peaceable means to bring about

changes in the policies of their Government. What, after all, is it that has thrown the plutocracy and all its dependents into this fury? Merely a proposal to restore the old coinage system of the United States—to abandon the disastrous experiment of monometallism and get back to the traditional and solid ground of bimetallicism. The change is sought in a perfectly constitutional and orderly way. It is a subject peculiarly fitted for discussion, and is not to be clarified by calling names and roaring. The danger lies in branding as Anarchists and Socialists all citizens who happen to differ from the very wealthy in their view of what is good for the country in a province naturally so little stimulating to passion as the finances. What language will be left the privileged to employ when some question arises which has in it the fire to heat the blood of the drudging multitude to the boiling point? Who then will heed the cry of "Wolf!" from the frightened few? There are only buckram Socialists and Anarchists now, but a campaign like this one, when the very rich band themselves together and deliberately invite by their solidarity and insolence the hostility of the poor, is marvellously well calculated to create real Socialists and Anarchists. The rich are not wise, either for their present or future interest, and the campaign of the Republicans is a campaign of fools—for the American masses have sense.

THE VOICE OF ARKANSAS.

Arkansas has answered Vermont. A Republican majority of forty thousand in the Green Mountains is met by a Democratic majority of sixty thousand on the Mississippi. Of course, the Republican managers have tried to explain away this defeat, as the Democratic leaders tried to explain away their own in Vermont. But one is as significant as the other. Vermont showed that Bryan and Sewall could look for no votes in Northern New England, and Maine will doubtless repeat the same lesson even more impressively next week. Arkansas has proved that McKinley can count on no votes in the South. Following the similar Democratic victory in Alabama, it puts the solidity of the South beyond reasonable question. Thus the battle ground has become contracted. Instead of the whole Union of doubtful States that seemed to confront us after the Chicago Convention, the arena in which the contest is now to be fought to a finish has shrunk to the Central West, with a side ring in New York and its vicinity.

It is a pity that the struggle has taken so sectional a turn. It would have been well if the Democratic vote had been smaller in Arkansas and larger in Vermont. But it is absurd and offensive to pretend that the verdict of one of those States is less entitled to respect than that of the other. The Republican politicians and organs, which have not yet learned to accommodate themselves to their candidate's new policy of nationalism, have promptly unfurled the familiar bloody shirt and furnished up the old complaints about the lack of a free ballot and an honest count in the South. They have related detailed stories of fraud, based wholly upon imagination. One would think that we were in the midst of the campaign of 1876.

The truth is that elections in Arkansas at the present time are at least as fair a reflection of the honest feelings of the people as in Vermont. What little intimidation of negroes and manipulation of returns may linger in remote precincts are overbalanced a dozen times over by the intimidation of workmen and the corrupting influence of Mr. Hanna's campaign fund in the North. Arkansas has spoken for the South, and her voice is as worthy of attention as that in which Maine will speak next week. And what Alabama said in August and Arkansas in September, Georgia will repeat in October.

"THE SICK MAN."

It is almost half a century since Nicholas I. of Russia christened Turkey "the Sick Man" of Europe, and though Nicholas himself, his successor and most of his contemporaries have since died, "the Sick Man" is still holding on to existence. Nevertheless the partition of Turkey seems nearer at hand than at any period before since the memorable conversation of the Czar with Sir G. Hamilton Seymour in January, 1853.

It was at a reception given by the Archduchess Helen, at her palace in St. Petersburg, that Nicholas confided his views with regard to Turkey to the British Minister to Russia. "We have on our hands," said the Emperor, "a sick man—a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made." Nicholas was much chagrined when the English Minister and the English Government, after he had repeatedly reiterated his idea that England and Russia should divide the Sick Man's property, answered his overtures by saying that they did not consider it usual to enter into arrangements for the spoilation of a friendly power, and that England had no desire to succeed to any of the possessions of Turkey.

It was at about this period that the

report of a mysterious clause in the will of Peter the Great, that has since been proved not to be genuine, alarmed the European powers. According to this document, Peter enjoined all succeeding Russian sovereigns never to relax in the extension of their territory northward on the Baltic and southward on the Black Sea shores, and to encroach as far as possible in the direction of Constantinople and the Indies. "To work out this," the alleged will was supposed to read, "false wars continually—at one time against Turkey, at another against Persia; make dockyards on the Black Sea; by degrees make yourself master of that sea as well as of the Baltic; hasten the decay of Persia and penetrate the Persian Gulf; establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the East via Syria, and push on to the Indies, which are the entrepot of the world. Once there you need not fear the gold of England."

Although this alleged will has been proved to be mythical, there is little doubt that the policy of Peter and his great follower, Catherine, would have been in thorough harmony with such a project, and that it is still down in Russia's books as a possibility. The possible partition of Turkey revives interest in these half-century-old traditions.

AN HONEST DOLLAR.

If some conspicuous and influential advocate of the single gold standard would be good enough to rise and tell the country just what he means by an "honest dollar" he would do a solid service to the cause of rational controversy. The assumption that there is in the United States any considerable body of citizens who desire a dishonest dollar is the illusion of a kind of partisanship which discredits the sense of those who are under its influence, whether they be alarmed millionaires, excited Hanna Journalists, or inflammatory orators pleading for the election of the illustrious William McKinley, of Canton, Ohio, to save the nation from bankruptcy and dishonor. The presumption that the American people as a whole are honest in purpose when they go to the polls to vote on a financial or any other question is one which has the confirmation of unvarying experience. In the light of that great moral and historic fact, it is not apparent what effect, advantageous to the gold standard, can be produced on the average mind by the current clamor regarding the imaginary intention of imaginary persons to impose a dishonest dollar on the Republic.

Here is a definition of an honest dollar that was offered but a few days ago:

An honest dollar is a dollar which retains the same general purchasing power yesterday, to-day and forever. Purchasing power is the test of honesty. A dollar which rises in purchasing power is just as dishonest as a dollar which falls in purchasing power.

Will any sensible gold man dispute the truth of that? It is William Jennings Bryan's definition, and if anybody—Major McKinley, for instance—has a better, let him furnish it.

In the opinion of the Democratic party and Mr. Bryan the honest dollar described is to be had by making both the precious metals, instead of one only, the basis of our currency, as they were before 1873. What is the alternative proposition of the gold men—the frank and earnest gold men, we mean? Crazy screaming about the "silver craze" is hardly the sort of answer that will serve, yet it is really the only one given up to date.

As for the Republican party, its platform seconds the Democratic motion, but holds that the United States is too feeble a nation to stand on its own financial feet—that we can't have an honest dollar until England and France and Germany consent to let us have it. Americans who like that measure of their country's power are welcome to their patriotic judgment.

In his talk to his Pennsylvania callers Mr. McKinley took occasion to compliment Mr. Quay. This is the same Mr. Quay who was so roundly denounced in the columns of the McKinley newspapers prior to the St. Louis Convention.

There can be no serious objection to Senator Thurston changing his mind on the financial question, but he ought to be considerate enough to accord the same privilege to others. Mr. McKinley has found it necessary in his public career to make several such changes.

Joe Manley is engaged in predicting the Maine majority at a figure far below what every posted person knows it will be. In order that he may give vent to an "It exceeded my expectations" interview after the election. Joey is sly, but this game is most too aged to be effective.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, who used to seek fame by shooting robins on Staten Island, is now wooing the elusive goddess by preaching political sermons predicting that Bryan's election would bring on civil war. He has entirely outgrown the humble calling of a modern clergyman, and announces modestly that it is his "ambition now to be a priest, but like the prophets of old." Mr. Dixon does not say which of the ancient prophets he is trying to honor with the flattery of imitation, but it is reasonably evident that his taste runs in the direction of Balaam.

THE JOURNAL'S FUND.

Men of All Sorts and Conditions Are Lending Their Aid to the Work of Education.

Yesterday's list of subscriptions was eminently gratifying, both as regards the number of them and the amount subscribed. And the popular interest in it is growing daily. Here is the complete list:

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W.....	1.00

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 to the New York Journal's fund for the education of
 the voters of the United States.

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As the conditions of the Journal's offer are becoming more generally known, a proportionately greater number of advocates of the Bryan and silver cause hasten to avail themselves of it. All of them, if we may judge from the tone of their letters, are deep and unselfish interest in the success of the campaign, and are thankful for the opportunity given them to contribute toward it. When a laboring man, earning a dollar a day, will cheerfully offer one-sixth of his weekly earnings to the help of the movement, it is safe to assume that some more than mere partisan attachment is the motive of his action. The fact really shows that all men are becoming deeply imbued with a sense of the deadly reality of the principles involved in this struggle.

Here are a few of the letters received:
 Lansboro, Pa., Sept. 7, 1896.
 W. R. Hearst—I have not very many dollars, but I think what few I have will be worth very much more to me and my posterity if Mr. Bryan is elected than it will if the Government falls into the hands of the plutocrats. Therefore, please send \$1 enclosed, to help election expenses.
 R. L. NORTON.

West Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.
 W. R. Hearst:
 Believing that the only hope left for the farmer is in the election of Bryan and Sewall, I respond, in keeping with my scant means, to your earnest appeal by enclosing a two (2) dollar silver certificate—the only kind of money circulating here, the "deniers" having recovered the rest for redemption purposes. Yours truly,
 ARTHUR T. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Sept. 7.
 W. R. Hearst:
 Please send enclosed this small contribution for the campaign fund, with the hope also that your paper, the Journal, in connection with Sen-

ator Gorman, will always exercise a predominant influence in the councils of the party that stands for the "greatest good for the greatest number."
 BALTIMORE DEMOCRAT.
 278 Branch avenue, Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir—Applying your noble and patriotic spirit in behalf of true financial reform, which will inaugurate for all the people national prosperity, I enclose you my check for \$50 to be added to the Bryan and Sewall campaign fund. I only regret I cannot afford to make it more. This is a campaign of the submerged, of the people of our land against an oligarchy of golden wealth. The issue is clear and cannot be obscured by calumny or deductions from false premises. The people are aroused as never before since the war. Partisan newspapers controlled by the trusts cannot blunder of deceiving the masses. The battle of the ballot will be fought on the issue of the honest, fearless champion of the people, William J. Bryan.

May your efforts succeed far beyond your expectations in the great work you are doing for you, and the cause represented by William J. Bryan. Very truly yours,
 WILLIAM SULZER.

At Koster & Bia's.

Many pathetic appeals come to me by mail, but nothing affected me more keenly than a letter that reached me two bright mornings ago, bearing the imprint of Koster & Bia's Music Hall. It was from Mr. Bia's lordly business manager, William A. McConnell. "I particularly want you to see the entire performance," he wrote, "especially Clissy Fitzgerald. You are responsible for her wink and her enormous salary."

A question of legitimate pride made itself felt in my bosom. The delectable sense of having done a good deed spurred my jaded senses into gladness. Dear little Clissy Fitzgerald! Yes, 'tis true that I gloated over that inimitable wink of hers, and published my gloat. So I went to Koster & Bia's last night, and it was not until I got there that it occurred to me that Miss Fitzgerald's managers were not persons of good nature. If I was responsible for her enormous salary, what do they expect me to do at the present time? Why take coats to Newcastle, why add gold to the bloated pocketbook that Clissy is said to hold? Ah! this is an ungrateful world. Much wants more, and gratitude deals with the future, and not with the past.

Clissy's "turn" on the Koster & Bia's succeeded a squealing pig larking among clermonts' animals. The dulcet notes of the fractious animal had scarcely ceased when the lissome Fitzgerald bounded upon the stage wearing a heavenly smile and a huge white gown, freckled with pink roses. But she was no longer the Clissy who, in sweet reluctance, danced her way through the mazes of the "Gaiety Girl" extravaganza, and in sheer diffidence winked through the humor of "The Foundling." It was Miss Fitzgerald, the star—Miss Fitzgerald, whose name appeared in the first of the papers as a significant nowadays. It was Miss Fitzgerald, with an entire stage to herself, and a supreme confidence that she would fill it were it twice—nay, three—as large.

Clissy danced just as gracefully as ever, though, and if she had no new measures to tread, there was at least no midwife on the old ones. Her wink has grown anaemic. Its joyous elasticity has departed. It is a de-vitalized wink used for the mere silly trademark that it has established for her. How well do I remember the marvelous dexterity with which she flung it in all directions! How deftly she swamped us in winks, dazed us with them, overwhelmed us with their quick effusion, and then, when stunned and inert, we scarce knew what we were doing—she winked again. Ichabod! The glory has departed. Clissy's wink is but a remnant, a reminiscence, the ashes of a wonderful physical act. Perhaps she has willingly plucked it out from her methods and cast it from her. Who knows? Her dance, however, will still convince many that there is music in Tensipchore. Nothing could have been prettier than her manipulation of the soft, rose-covered tarantulas with which she was covered; nothing could have been sautier than the way in which she revealed those specimens of lingerie which you skip when you are reading advertisements aloud. Clissy's frills would have clothed an entire kindergarten, so bewilderingly numerous were they.

Her cozier dance was something of an innovation. She appeared chic in black velvet Chevalierism, pearl buttons and all, and to the tune of "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road" she showed us that she could be graceful without the subtle influence of skirts. Take it all in all, Miss Fitzgerald's "turn" is an agreeable one. It might perhaps excite notice if Miss Fitzgerald were not Clissy. But Clissy she is, and nobody can rob her of her acquired glory. Here is the ninth number on an exceedingly interesting programme—probably one of her own selection: For the minutes, dogs, hours and minutes of which it is largely composed can never conflict with her.

The real novelty of the entertainment is Eugene Stratton, the "dandy colored coon"—the negro performer after a ten-years' subjection to the London atmosphere—who will not cause any conflagration in the neighborhood of the East River. Stratton, however, is a neat and particularly non-vulgar performer, and his last song, "Is Your Mammy with You," sung with an invisible soprano, is a delightful piece of work. Stratton may fall flat for the reason that darky specialists as we see them in our vaudeville houses are usually synonymous with blatant buffoonery and coarse insanity. Eugene Stratton is an artist, and he never steps over the thinly etched line of decency. He is Thompson street with Ple-cadilly fixings, and while the combination may not be usual it is, at any rate, scenery. If the same process that has refined Stratton could be used in connection with our sleekening Gorman dialect comedians and ill-mannered funny men the variety stage would not suffer in any way.

Sandwiched in between Lavater's dogs, Clermont's pig, Clissy Fitzgerald and Eugene Stratton were a trio of Macarte sisters, a libe quadrille called Krazy, Lin-tum! Nole, a Scandinavian ventriloquist, and the flying Jordans. Clissy, however, poses as the piece de resistance. Mr. Bia has dubbed her "the Dance Queen"—a singularly banal phrase—and he asserts that he has secured her by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, fresh from Daly's, Hoyt's and the Garlick theatres. And if by these lines Clissy's salary is not raised again, the fault is not mine.

Not to trouble with enthusiasm any more—for subsidies are required so easily—I love her still, and I'm not ashamed to say it.

ALAN DALE.

To Convince Them.

[Washington Post.]
 Later on the railroad campaign managers may find it necessary to run a locomotive over the refractory employees in order to convince them of the desirability of voting against the Chicago layout.

"Gross Discourtesy."
 [Memphis Commercial Appeal.]

Doesn't Mr. Bryan know that it is highly improper and indecent for a Presidential candidate to say something when he talks? Moreover, it is a gross discourtesy to Mr. McKinley.

"Invaluable Opposition."
 [Rocky Mountain News.]

The fact that W. C. P. Brockbridge is engaged in denouncing the "immoral" silver dollar speaks volumes for it. His opposition is invaluable.

Somebody Will Walk.
 [Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Only one can ride Uncle Sam's steed; somebody will have to walk for the next four years—the people or the money power.

"The Warner Miller Class."
 [Washington Post.]

Poor John L. Sullivan! The ex-champion now finds himself in the Warner Miller class.

"Vested Rights."
 [Detroit Tribune.]

Speaking of vested rights, there are a good many rights in this country that haven't even a pair of trousers left.

The Transit of

Li Hung Chang.

A very interesting event has just been presented to the people of New York. The extremes of civilization, represented by two unlike men coming from the opposite ends of the earth, have almost met in our city. They brought with them the contrasting views and aims of the East and the West. Their receptions here have been as unlike as the civilizations they represent. They are both gone, and we have leisure to consider. Mr. Bryan in one of his speeches said that it was open to doubt that the Wise Men any longer came from the East. While he was saying it the wisest man that the East could furnish was making his transit and receiving the civic and military honors of the metropolis.

And yet, from the only American point of view that is at all admissible, Mr. Bryan was right.

What does the wisest man that the East can furnish represent to us? A dynasty so old that its origin is lost in childish fables, and so corrupt that a description of it lies out in inexpressible astonishment. So helplessly and incorrigibly superstitious that its contemporaneous records of official acts read like the memorials of the Hittites or the Acedians; a people swarming upon each other like plumes, shut in for centuries with their own fecundity and ignorance, battering upon each other's fears, with no sense of the sacredness of human life, and no aspirations beyond the handful of rice that the future holds out to them; a paternal despotism fastened upon them by an invader, from which they have neither the heart nor the hope to relieve themselves, perfected into a most incredible system of bureaucracy, by the side of which the paternal tyranny of Russia glows white and benign and the abominations of pitiless Turkey are harmless in the quarantine of the great power; a nation so far removed from the vital sanity and sanitation of the nineteenth century that it offered the only breeding place on earth where the black plague of the Middle Ages could lift its head again with impunity, in spite of the grace of God and the cleanliness of His peoples; a nation so saturated by centuries of imperial mumbo-jumbo and slavery to dishonest taskmasters that it would have been utterly destroyed by a neighboring island—whose population did not exceed one of China's outlying provinces—if the Japanese had not grown weary of extermination; a system of government made up of august ceremonies and sickening barbarity in which the savage's love of display is supplemented by love of torture, the savage could not conceive of a system so inherently and abhorrently rotten that it would have been dissipated long ago by the light and air of our times, as the light and air dissipate the exhalations and remove the unsightliness of a corpse—if it had not been hermetically sealed.

Li Hung Chang must have represented more or less of all this for he is the dowry of it. It is not to be supposed for a moment that our people were honoring in the abstract that which they loathed in the concrete. They proceeded on the impulse that Li Hung Chang was far in advance of his people and system, and only needed a good American object lesson to complete his education and confirm his progressive judgment. We, therefore, got out our public servants, paraded our safety apparatus, and our domestic utensils and housecleaning paraphernalia, rung our alarm bells, summoned our brigades and our butlers, blew our bugles and beat our municipal tom-toms for him. More than that, we burned powder under the nose of Liberty Enlightening the World, we hung the imperial dragon on our house-tops, we swept up and deodorized the Chinese quarter, and about the Stars and Stripes, and our own house, as if Benjamin and Bunker Hill were fraternizing with the Tail Plugs and opium and Old Glory were tidling down together. This is hospitality—let us not mistake it for brotherhood.

Does any one suppose the dusky sage of Cathay, sitting in his barouche and languidly observing the New York firemen rushing at breakfast speed to save property and rescue lives, received any sympathy or sympathetic impulse or stimulation by an awakening humanity? A man of Li Hung Chang's indurated maturity does not change his point of view at the clamor of a spectacle. The system to which he belongs never saw any necessity for instituting measures that would preserve property or save lives. On the contrary, it has been a system from time immemorial which regarded life and property as somewhat superfluous, and looked upon contagion as well as plague as benign provision for reducing the surplus. No reporter has penetrated the external splendor of this Oriental to get at his internal consciousness with regard to the formidable parade of dumping-carts and flag-bedecked foremen. But it is inferentially certain, not only from the archaic indifference with which he regarded the exhibit, but from what his administration has done in China, that he looked upon it all as a fussy and noisy superfluity. Why remove fifth from a city when if you let it alone the rats will remove it as in Pekin and Canton and at the same time grow fat? Both these cities have fostered amiably for hundreds of years without all this rumpus.

One wonders now if our missionary societies appreciate at its true worth the wisdom of the East, which informs them that Confucianism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism and Christianity are all good and proper, and should try to dwell together in peace.

But that—to use reporter's pencil for a moment—is not a marker on the sagacity which pointed out that when the archaic indifference with which he regarded the exhibit, but from what his administration has done in China, that he looked upon it all as a fussy and noisy superfluity. Why remove fifth from a city when if you let it alone the rats will remove it as in Pekin and Canton and at the same time grow fat? Both these cities have fostered amiably for hundreds of years without all this rumpus.

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With six tickets in the field, the Salt River boats are going to go up full.